Jerkin' IT!

First person accounts of getting it on and getting off from the readers of Stroke magazine. If you wish to have your own masturbatorial material published in our quarterly volume, please write to G.G.O., POB 15608, North Hollywood, Ca 91615.

Dear Kit,

I am a professional person (teacher) and therefore request my name not be used should anything stated in the rest of this letter seem appropriate for publicaton. Sharing intimate details with a stranger is a little unsettling, yet I feel it appropriate at this time. I found your response reassuring although I wish I knew more about you.

Although I've never been fisted I've always been fascinated with my ass and what I can shove into it, width and length, the bigger the better! I've tried many different dildos. I've also shoved apples, oranges, bananas, pears, lemons and limes, plus a peach. Vegetables that have been fun are tomatoes, carrots, cucumbers and some squash. Other food items that I've had up my ass include eggs, sausage, hot dogs and pepperoni. God, my ass is twitching just thinking about them.

> **"Food items I've had up my ass include eggs, sausage, hot dogs and pepperoni."**

I've shoved plastic bottles, a 4 oz. lube jar, butt plugs, anal beads and candles up my hungry hole. In fact, I'm pretty proud of the day I shoved a bottle of hand cream up my ass before a friend came over. I planned to tease him with a strip. After I finished taking my clothes off, I bent over and pushed out the hand cream. He shot his load right then. He still talks about that!

I love watching things disappear up my ass and then push them out. It's amazing how wide my ass can stretch. To get a better view on time I shaved my ass hole. Watching my hairy hole become as clean as a whistle was a turn on and I had a roaring hard-on. I then stuck a candle up my ass, positioned my ass up in the air and lit the candle. What a sight! Taking an enema can be fun, too. Watching the bag emptying two quarts into my ass was great.

I could provide more details for camera angles, etc if you decide any of these ideas would make a great photo essay.

Thanks again for your supportive responses. Maybe a new career will "open up" for my ass. My fantasies very too, but all the above things I've done/used and would love to be photographed doing them. I remain hot and ready!

Sincerely,
R.N.

Dear Kit,

I really dig stroking off to your "Polaroid Party," and while I love wrapping my fist around that shiny, greasy shaft, squeezing and working the swollen head, I'm always open to new ways of masturbation.

A fuck buddy of mine introduced me to something new and great for massaging and jacking cock with. I was at his apartment one afternoon—he knows I can get into the "Kinky" side of sex—when he said: "I think you should try Hoover." "Hoover who?" I asked. "You'll see," he said.

So I stripped down naked (I lift weights and like the feel and sight of hard muscles when I beat off) and sort-of teased my dick to rip-roaring hardness. I was excited and hot-as-Hell.

"Where's Hoover?" I said. "Here he is," he replied and, opening the closet door, he pulled out his upright vacuum cleaner. "Just grease the head of your cock and foreskin and put it in here," he said, indicating the hose nozzle. Then he plugged the machine in, flicked the switch, and, with a roar, the cleaner came to life. He handed me the nozzle and said, "Go to it, buddy." I was a bit apprehensive —the nozzle warned of possible electrical shocks—but my lubed prong throbbed in my hand, and I put the opening over my cock head.

With the sound of an enormous "Slurp!" the nozzle sucked my pecker head into it. God! What a sensation. The cleaner was sucking on the knob like crazy, and I was going crazy from the waves of pleasure rippling from the head down the shaft. Of course, it couldn't take the shaft, but what it was doing to my Frenum was wild: By gently rotating or shaking the nozzle, I could feel my foreskin being stretched in, and my pre-cum being sucked out. The crown of my flesh pole was being milked like it had never been milked before. The rippling effect made my nuts tingle, and when I felt my asshole begin to pulsate, I shut my eyes and gave myself up to the rapturous pleasure of the cleaner. At that moment I'd have given anything to have my asshole overflowing with a stiff nine inch dong!

Suddenly, involuntarily, my cock exploded; I felt the cum being drained from the wide-open piss hole; Even with my eyes closed, I could see the long, spider strands of starchy liquid spurting up the nozzle, through the hose and into the cleaner bag. I couldn't believe it: I couldn't stop and the fucking machine wouldn't let me. My nuts were being drained and I felt the sack lifting up as my pulsating penis let fly juice, juice and more juice, again and again and again into the unrelenting nozzle.

My buddy flicked the switch off, and as the roar of the motor ceased I collapsed on his sofa, a quivering mass of human flesh. My dick still pounded out the last pearl drops that had literally been forced out of my now empty egg sack. I had been emptied—totally emptied of jism!!!

Imagining what damage might have been done, I opened my eyes and looked down in amazement as I pulled the nozzle from the bulbous end of my dick. Nothing had happened! Instead, I was surprised to see that my foreskin had been incredibly stretched: Rather than an uncut cock of the "convertible" type, I now had an uncut cock of the "covered wagon" variety—the foreskin enclosing a deep, blood red head, was hanging down a good quarter to half-an-inch, from which beads of cream oozed.

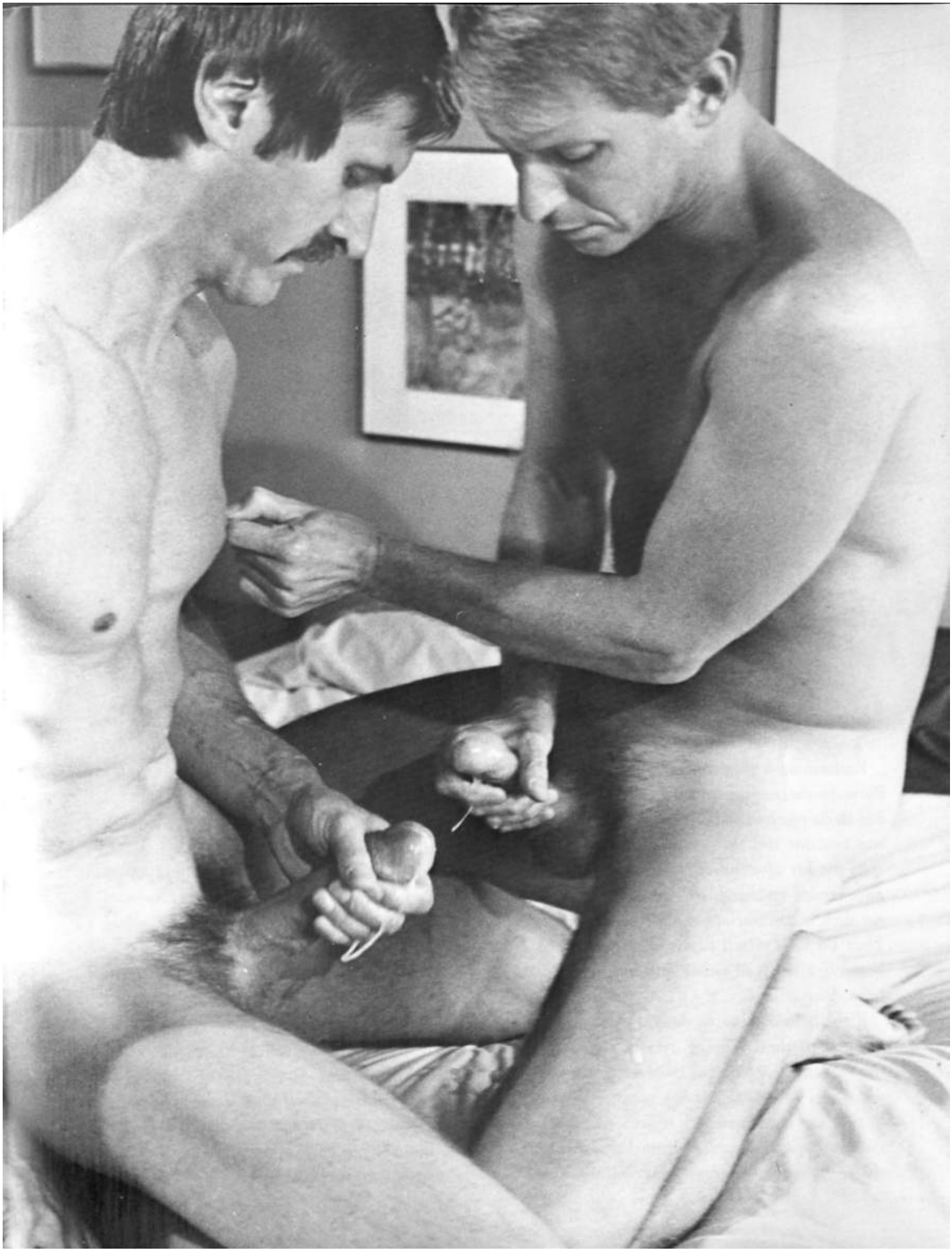
> **"I could see the long strands of fluid being sucked up the nozzle."**

Since that time, I've often gotten together with him and we've taken turns putting the heads of our cocks into the vacuum cleaner and stretching our foreskins, while we got off. The picture shows you how its done, and all I can say is, when the hands are tired, "It's better with a Hoover!"

Keep on Strokin'
B.H.
NYC

Dear Kit,

Sucking my own cock satisfies me more than anything else! I've been squirting hot cream into my own mouth for 16 of my 30 years!



Performing a flipped over yoga exercise, The Plow, in the nude I was instantly aroused. A big thick piece of meat staring me in the face was tantalus and the grapes. I had to lick it!

Every day after school I ran home before anyone else returned, stripped and pulled on my dick in the various rooms, before mirrors. Then I'd lock myself in my room, lay down and beat off a hot load either into my hand or toward my mouth.

Right before going to sleep, I'd masturbate again. This time, flipping over in bed, hooking my feet in the arches of the bed posts; pulling down and stretching out my tongue, I'd lick the head of my cock and jerk off. Electricity flowed thru my body—a current from balls, up the shaft, down into my mouth, sliding down my tongue, down the throat and along the spine right back to the base of my spine.

After becoming sexually active (19) I didn't practice auto-fellatio as often, although almost invariably if I'd tell a sex partner I could go down on myself, he'd want to see.

During the next ten years in San Francisco, I went thru periods of self-sucking, with some breaks. More and more guys wanted to see but very few could perform the luscious act themselves.

I imagined a room full of limber narcissists all sucking, licking, slurping, on cum-filled cocks. All different positions—standing, sitting lying down. Mirrors and instant video replay so we could watch each other and ourselves pig out on our own cocks. I own a collection of

photographs, many of myself either taken by myself or friends. I've assembled three volumes of auto-fellatio as performed by at least a dozen different men.

Two super hot incidents stand out. Both happened in the flat I shared with friends on Castro St.

The first happened one night when I returned to an empty house, horny and high.

pissed at having another "kook" brought in and sending me home with a stern warning, kept me from panicking.

Told to dress I started pulling on some overalls when another call came in and the cops had to leave.

"Curly" looked creftfallen and warned me that he'd keep track of my I.D. then he was gone.

> **"The cop pounded on the glass door."**

Being an exhibitionist as well as a voyeur (forgive my printing, one hand's stroking) I took advantage of my windows to the street.

Standing in profile I stood before the window, bent over and licked my dick. Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted a patrol car passing by! Quickly I ducked out of sight and switched off the lights. But the cop bounded up the front stairs and pounded on the glass door.

Afraid he'd break down the door I wrapped a robe around my naked body and meekly opened the door.

A tall, curly-haired hunk in blue-tinted shades burst in furiously. He fumbled with the light switch (a dimmer) before successfully illuminating the room. A painting in progress of a man with dick hanging down greeted the cop.

Inside my robe my dick went down. I thought I noticed him look, and knew he was turned on in the worst way!

He ranted about "how I got my nut" and "using a mirror." His partner hung back in the hallway, his ear to the radio, waiting for a more important call, totally uninterested.

"Curly" checked my I.D., asked his partner, who ignored him, if they should take me downtown.

Somehow I felt protected: a vision of a judge,

After a few minutes I caught my breath. I realized that this closety cop would always have, indelibly etched in his uptight mind, a picture of me, unabashedly licking my throbbing cock! An act of revolution, surely!

I flipped over in bed and beat off a big juicy load of semen into my hot pervert mouth.

I'd enjoy forming an auto-fellatio club-oroborus society (for the self-consuming snake) trading photos, cassettes, maybe videotapes, too.

I'll tell the other story another time and I'd like to hear from you in regard to a feature showing me licking and sucking my cock in various positions. I'll try for some squirt shots too!

Again excuse my erratic writing, the paper keeps jiggling to the rhythm of my strokes.

Keep 'em cuming,
D.C.
Seattle, WA

Dear Kit,

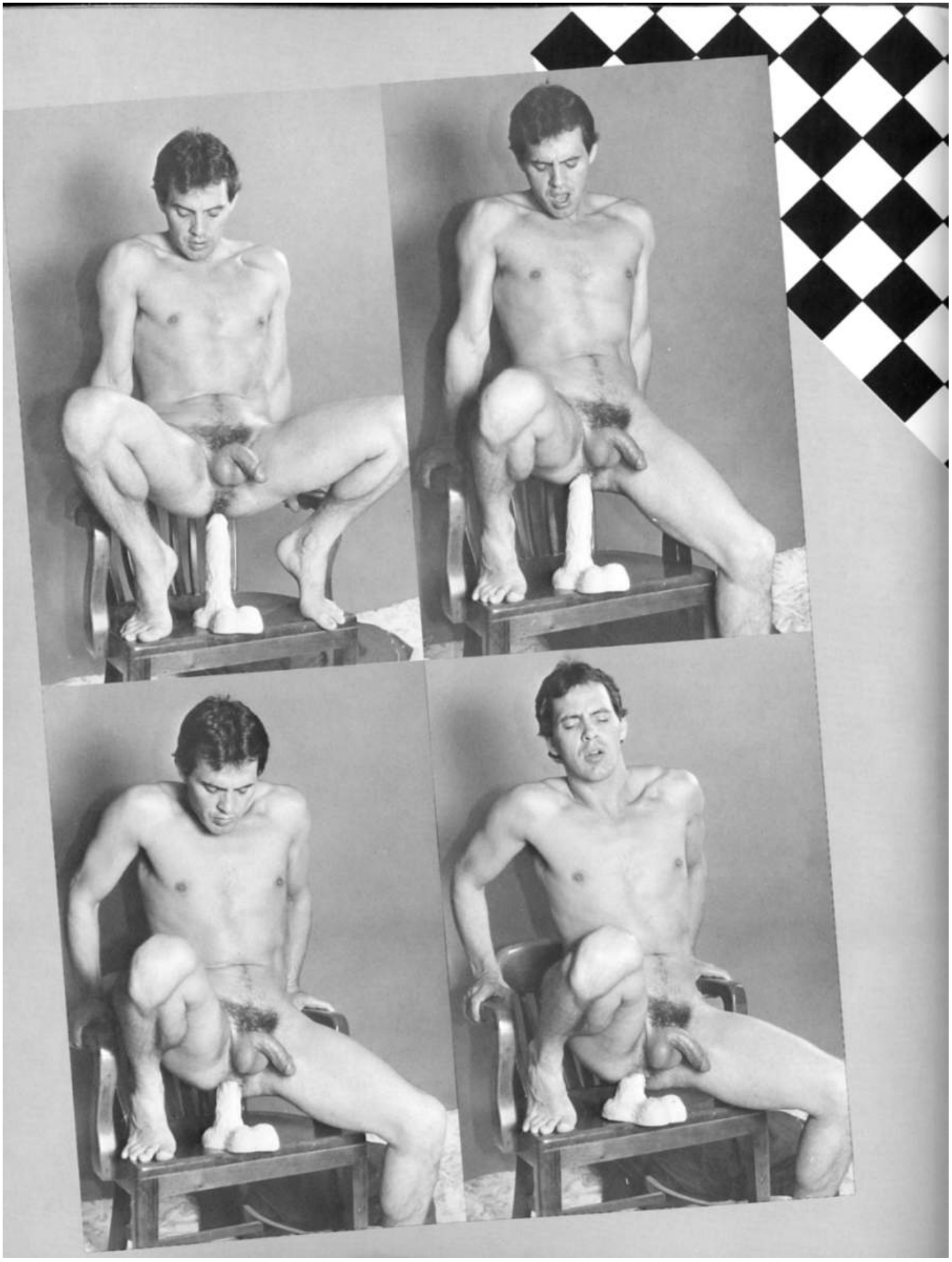
Before being firmly aware of a sexual interest in members of the same sex, there were a number of naive attempts at sexual liaison between some of my male acquaintances

(continued on page 30)

Leon Gets His Nut.

Leon doesn't look like the kind of guy that's done hard time, does he? Well, that was one of the problems he had in "The Big House." When those hardened criminals got a look at poor Leon's straight cute butt in the showers it wasn't long before Leon became the most popular form of currency. His was traded for cigarettes, candy and drugs. It went on like that for over two years before a "deal" was struck with the Warden to get him up for parole.

It's been almost four months since Leon has been out and he still can't get to sleep at night until he has literally pounded his ass raw with a series of anal tools, some of them large enough to make Chris Burns turn pale. Crime is not the only reason repeat offenders end up back behind bars.



Jerkin' IT!
(continued from page 19)

and me. Most of these early couplings were basically exploratory and experimental in nature. However, one particular such incident did give just a hint of the things to come.

Our family had recently moved to the suburbs from a major Mid-Western city. One of the adolescent members of the new neighborhood was especially physically attractive. Luckily, he lived quite nearby affording us the opportunity to become quickly acquainted. And, in about a week or so we were pretty good friends.

We were nearly the same height and coloring, except that my new buddy was a bit more muscular and thicker boned. Randy's hair was lighter than mine, but his skin was a slightly darker shade of olive almost leaving the impression of a permanent tan. Likely owing to these similarities, we were from the very first meeting each curious about the other's physique.

One day, after paging through the muscle magazines at the corner drugstore, we decided it might be a good idea to start working out with weights. Randy's father had a set of weights down in their basement. And, it so happened, that his parents both worked during the day. We pretty much had the complete run of the house during our first weight training session that same afternoon.

It was the middle of summer and typically hot and humid the first day we started lifting weights. Randy's basement, while a few degrees cooler than the rest of the house, was yet still humid and sticky. Without a word between us, our shirts and shoes were off almost immediately. And, we started the workout in our pants and socks only.

Randy's youthfully sleek torso was more massive and muscular than my own. But, his lines were not so sharply defined. We were

both hairless, facing each other naked to the waist, with shiny beads of sweat already trickling down into the slight traces of hair just starting to show above the waistline of our trousers. Saying he'd be right back downstairs, Randy dashed upstairs to get us a couple of towels.

When he came back downstairs with the towels, Randy's feet were bare, and he was only wearing a pair of white boxer shorts. He told me I could strip down to my undershorts too, if I wanted. And, since his parents were not expected for several hours, I did so quickly. There we stood just taking in each other's bodies for a few seconds before he handed me a towel.

This was the first real opportunity we had to check each other out physically without the benefit of our clothes. When Randy finally laid down to do bench presses, he asked me to "spot" for him. So I moved into a position from which to grab the weights should they become too heavy for him to handle. Which placed my crotch almost directly above Randy's nose.

Trying not to notice that I could easily have pissed in his mouth had he opened it, I looked down at Randy's sweaty, hairless form. My gaze soon roamed down his taut stomach to his crotch. As he started pumping iron, the fly of his boxer shorts parted to reveal a fat, dark-skinned piece of meat. Although I could not get too good a look at it, I must have been staring.

Meanwhile, Randy had an easy view of the growing bulge in my jockey shorts that was fast becoming thicker and longer just barely beyond the tip of his nose. He smiled up at me, closed his eyes, and continued to pump iron. But the rest of our first workout went rather routinely, and we somehow managed to keep our hands off one another.

Later that same evening, Randy called me out to ask if I could camp out in his backyard on that Saturday night. I checked with my

"The fly of his boxer shorts parted to reveal a fat, dark skinned piece of meat."

parents and told him that I could. Plans were made, and on Saturday afternoon we put up a six-man tent in his ample backyard.

It was another hot and humid day on Saturday that hadn't cooled off much by nightfall. Randy's parents were away for the weekend, and his older sister was already asleep inside the house by the time Randy and I returned from riding our bikes. It was nearly midnight, and my new neighborhood was suburban quiet.

Inside the tent and at Randy's suggestion, we stripped down to our underwear, and he reached inside his sleeping bag pulling out a small ball of aluminum foil. Wrapped up in the ball of foil were several small blue pills of some kind. Randy said he got them from his mother's purse. Asking what they were, Randy replied they were his mother's nerve pills to help her relax.

We split them up between us and kicked back waiting and wondering about what we should do next. A minute or two later, Randy said he was sneaking inside to get a beer out of the refrigerator in the basement.

And, by the time we'd finished the beer, Randy remembered that the neighbors directly behind weren't home either and had a built-in smimming pool. He had obviously already decided we could use a dip in the pool to cool us off. Pulling down his boxer shorts, Randy headed out the tent flaps into the backyard.

I yanked off my jockey shorts and followed Randy's pale buns across the backyard in the moonlight. Sneaking over the back fence buck naked somehow made everything seem more of an adventure. Stealthily, we made our way over the fence and into the neighbor's dark and deserted pool.

In the light from the moon, water droplets

glistened on Randy's tanned olive skin. There was really no body hair anywhere on his youthful, muscular frame save for that around his darker piece of meat. A couple of very large sized ball sacs hung down a good inch-and-a-half below the end of his thick cock. And, to my shock, my new friend was uncut. This was something I had never before seen in the flesh.

When we'd returned bare-assed to the tent, I finally got up the nerve to ask Randy about his uncut piece of meat. He said it had always been like that and that the skin could be pulled back. He said sometimes the skin was hardly noticable at all. Of course, I was very interested, and I'm sure that Randy could tell.

Randy pulled on his cock a couple of times and then rather matter of factly invited me to check it out, if I wanted to. He told he wouldn't mind even if I wanted to pull the skin back myself to see how it worked. And, I knew right then my curiousity was getting the best of me.

By the candle's light inside the tent, I could see Randy's cock was slowly getting longer and swollen. His dick's lighter colored head started to inch out of its dark-skinned sheath as his cock engorged in anticipation of touch. Randy blew out the candle.

Leaning back on both elbows, Randy spread his smooth thighs apart a bit more, and I moved closer and gently pulled back the skin on his cock to fully expose a pinkish head. Randy's now in hand piece grew a good bit harder faster. Slowly, I started jacking him off. Indeed, within seconds, you could hardly tell that Randy was not circumsized, just like he'd said.

Randy leaned forward, reaching between my legs, and he started pumping my already stiff dick while I continued to jack him off. Then he told me to stop and lay down on my back, which I did. My rigid cock arched back toward my belly before Randy grabbed it and aimed the head straght up.

He got between my legs and started sucking my cock. But, Randy was careful not to make me cum yet. When he stopped sucking me, he leaned back, propped himself on one elbow, and starting beating off. And, after about five minutes of mutual dick jerking, my new neighbor shot a thick wad of cum onto the sleeping bag between our legs. My cock was still hard.

Randy spit in his right hand and slowly moved along my stiff shaft until it was slick and shiny. He spit in his other hand, reached over and pumped my cock with both hands. After about two minutes, I shot my load onto Randy's thighs and hands. Neither of us made any effort to eat any of the cum.

Some years later, my younger brother told me that Randy had gotten his girlfriend pregnant and was going to get married. I had left home and the quiet suburbs for the West Coast long before the wedding.

Trueson Commode

Dear Kit,

It was almost the close of school summer vacation. I had been visiting my grandmother in a coastal town in California north of San Francisco. My parents, who live in Portland, Oregon, had been on a trip to Europe so I stayed with grandmother for three weeks. I did not want grandma to go to the bus station with me because I had heard of hitchhiking and I had decided I would hitch-hike to Portland and then I could spend the bus money for things I wanted.

With my suitcase, I stood at roadside soon to be picked up by a young guy in a pickup truck. We drove an uneventful way when he had to turn off to his destination. He let me out at a roadside cafe where some big trucks had stopped and told me it should be easy to get another ride from there.

I had a coke at the counter and quite a few truckers were there. Soon, two guys came in and sat next to me at the counter. Soon they looked over and started talking, asking me what I was doing and where I was going. When I told them, they said they were going up to Canada and I was welcome to ride with them. They seemed friendly enough and I thought that would be just great.

We had gone only a short distance when one said to the other that he had been "horny" all morning and the other replied "yeh, I could fuck anything." Then one guy asked me if I ever got "horny." I didn't even know what horny meant and had led a very sheltered life with my parents and had never played around with anyone. Tony was tall and slender with a neatly cut beard and dark curly hair. Don was also tall and dark and wore a moustache turned down at the ends. Tony, the driver, looked over and said "Kid, ever been fucked up the ass?" I must have turned dark red as this talk began to make me nervous and I felt hot all over. Don said "you're just the right age to get your ass broke-in." Opening his levis, he pulled out his cock and put my hand on it. Getting very uneasy, I didn't know what to do.

Tony turned the car onto a country road off the main highway. Becoming frightened, I suggested getting out and getting a ride with someone on the highway. Don just said "Oh no, you don't; we're going to have some fun. Don't worry, we'll take you through to Portland."

The car went on up the mountainous coastal road, now a one lane gravel one. Turning off, again, Tony drove onto an obviously unused dirt road deep in the woods and after awhile, stopped. Grabbing a blanket and some hair oil from the car trunk, they hiked me into the forest and stopped by a large fallen tree. Tony said "This ought to do" and they told me to take all my clothes off. Protests did no good as they said they'd leave me in the woods naked if I did not do as they said. By that time I was wishing I had not hitch-hiked!

They spread the blanket over the fallen tree log and had their pants down. I had never seen a man naked before let alone hard cocks. Tony had a whopper — long and thick. Don had very large balls and not quite as big a cock as Tony.

They explained to me that men get very hot "in the crotch" and often and that men needed relief from being hot. They said I had a nice ass and that a kid my age should learn to get fucked by big cocks because taking it up the ass would make my cock big like theirs when I got a little older.

Tony told me to sit on the log and he moved up to me and told me to lick his cock and explained that felt very good to a hot man. Don was stroking his tool and told me to get down on my knees and I had to lick his big balls and suck on his cock. Then they said they would teach me how to be fucked and bent me over the log on the blanket. Tony got around on the other side and held my arms while Don put hair oil on my ass crack and they both told me to relax. They said it might hurt a little at first. Don told me to take a deep breath whereupon he thrust his cock head into my crack. Although I said it hurt, he proceeded up the ass with his sturdy tool. Fucking in and out for what it seemed a long time, he kept telling Tony what a nice ass I had. Tony, getting terribly hot, told him to speed it up that he was hot to fuck.

Fortunately Don fucked first, as his was smaller then Tony's. Tony's really hurt for awhile. He fucked harder and I could feel his sperm when he shot as he must have had a huge load. They both seemed elated to have violated a young, virgin ass. Telling me I was "a good fuck" they told me again my cock would not grow as big as Tony's when I was his age. Tony must have been about 27 and Don about 30 I would guess.

As we continued later up the coastal highway, I was contemplating what had happened and

"Protests did me no good."

kept getting a hardon every once in awhile.

When we reached Medford, Oregon, they decided to get a motel for the night after we had eaten. In the large motel room, they made me give them my clothing and Don took my clothes and locked them up out in the trunk of the car — just in case "you get any ideas of sneaking out in the middle of the night and running away." It was about 10 p.m. and Tony had gone into the bathroom to shower whereupon Don got me on the bed in the nude and fucked me really good and then dropped off to sleep.

Tony later came out of the bathroom and noticed Don had gone to sleep. He motioned for me to come into the bathroom whereupon he proceeded to give me three warm water enemas which I did not like too well but they made me get a big hardon.

Then Tony took me into the other bed and made me play with his cock for a long time. Feeling his cock and his naked body beside me made me very excited. He got on top of me and rubbed his swollen equipment up an down my body and then raised up over my face and had me suck his for awhile. Later he turned me over and put a pillow under my stomach, raising my ass for his fucking pleasure. He fucked long and easy. Then he got me on my back, legs up, and fucked hard. He grabbed my hardon and jacked me off while fucking and man, that was the best new feeling I ever had!

Tony woke me up fucking me again in the night and when I woke up in the morning, his cock was still in. He turned me on my back again and again jacked me off while he fucked hard. I guess I like that because it felt so good.

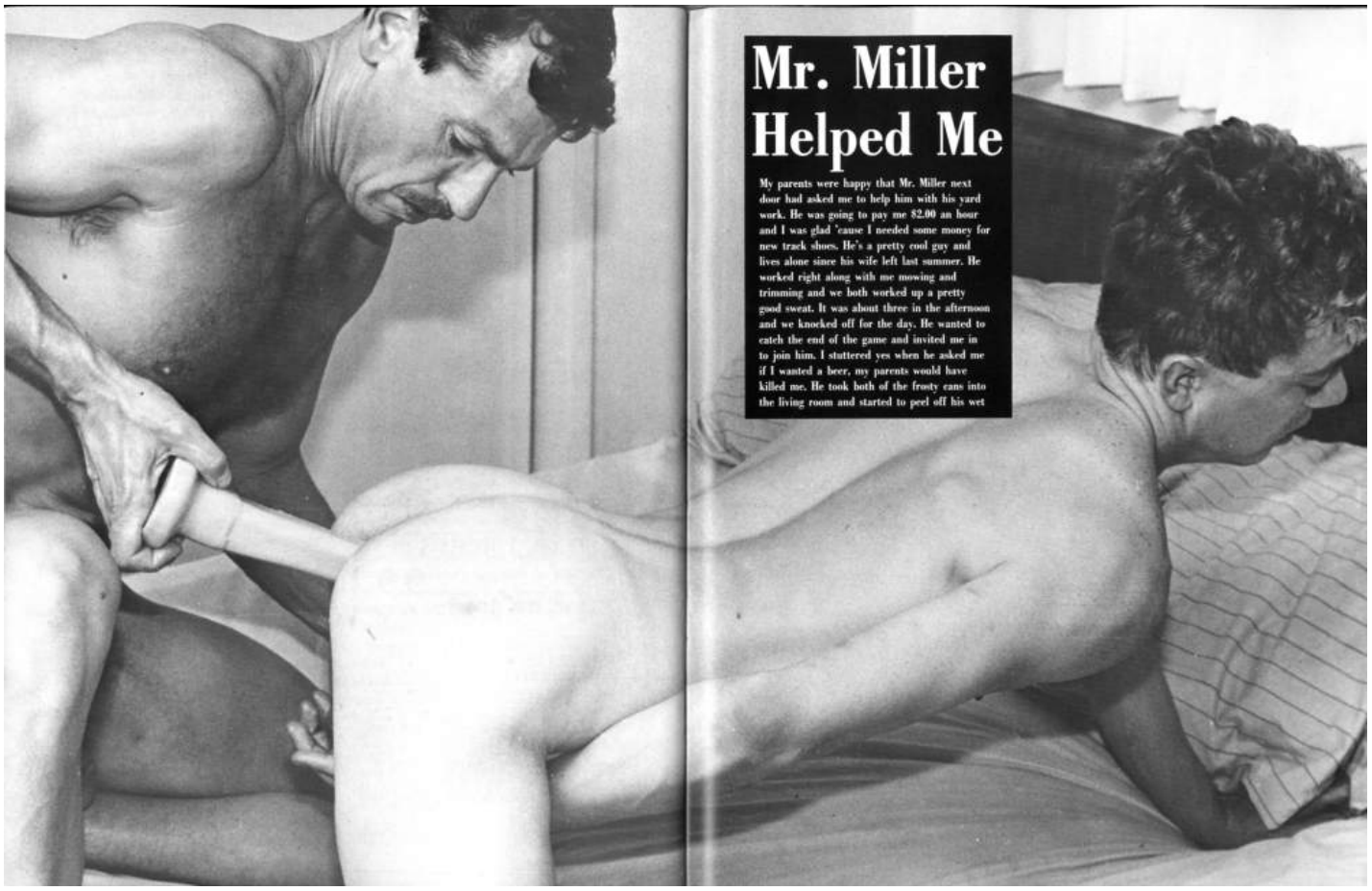
Don woke up in time to see Tony's tool plunging in and out. He comes over with the hardest cock and plunged his up my ass as soon as Tony pulled out.

After a good breakfast, we were on the road and reached Portland late in the day. As they were running short of time, they took me within a few blocks of my parents' house, smiled and said goodbye.

For a long time after this first experience, I would think of their naked bodies and cocks when I jacked off.

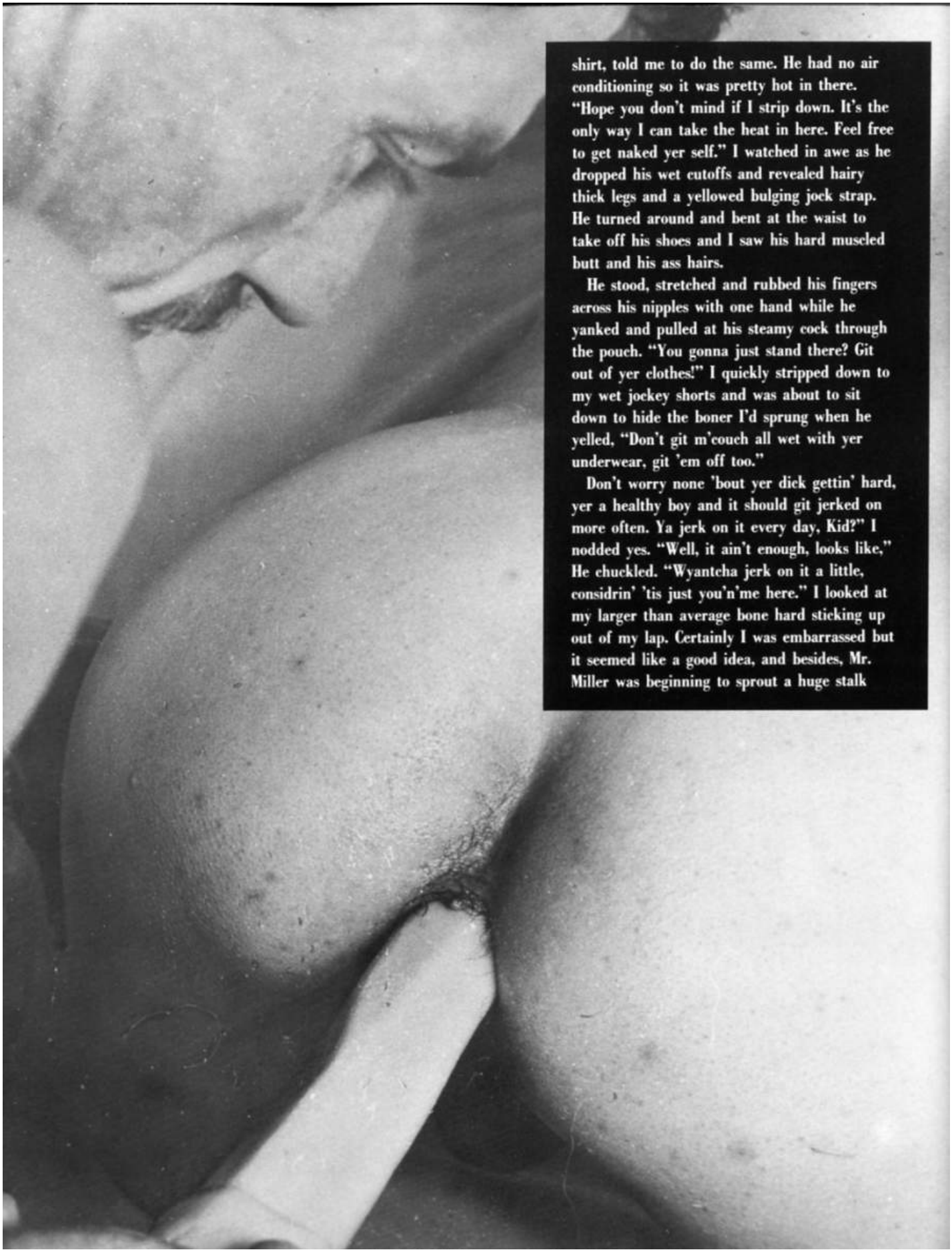
Hitch-hiking can thus be dangerous to young teenage boys, but in this case, after the initial shock to me, it worked out just fine!

Sincerely,
Harry



Mr. Miller Helped Me

My parents were happy that Mr. Miller next door had asked me to help him with his yard work. He was going to pay me $2.00 an hour and I was glad 'cause I needed some money for new track shoes. He's a pretty cool guy and lives alone since his wife left last summer. He worked right along with me mowing and trimming and we both worked up a pretty good sweat. It was about three in the afternoon and we knocked off for the day. He wanted to catch the end of the game and invited me in to join him. I stuttered yes when he asked me if I wanted a beer, my parents would have killed me. He took both of the frosty cans into the living room and started to peel off his wet



shirt, told me to do the same. He had no air conditioning so it was pretty hot in there. "Hope you don't mind if I strip down. It's the only way I can take the heat in here. Feel free to get naked yer self." I watched in awe as he dropped his wet cutoffs and revealed hairy thick legs and a yellowed bulging jock strap. He turned around and bent at the waist to take off his shoes and I saw his hard muscled butt and his ass hairs.

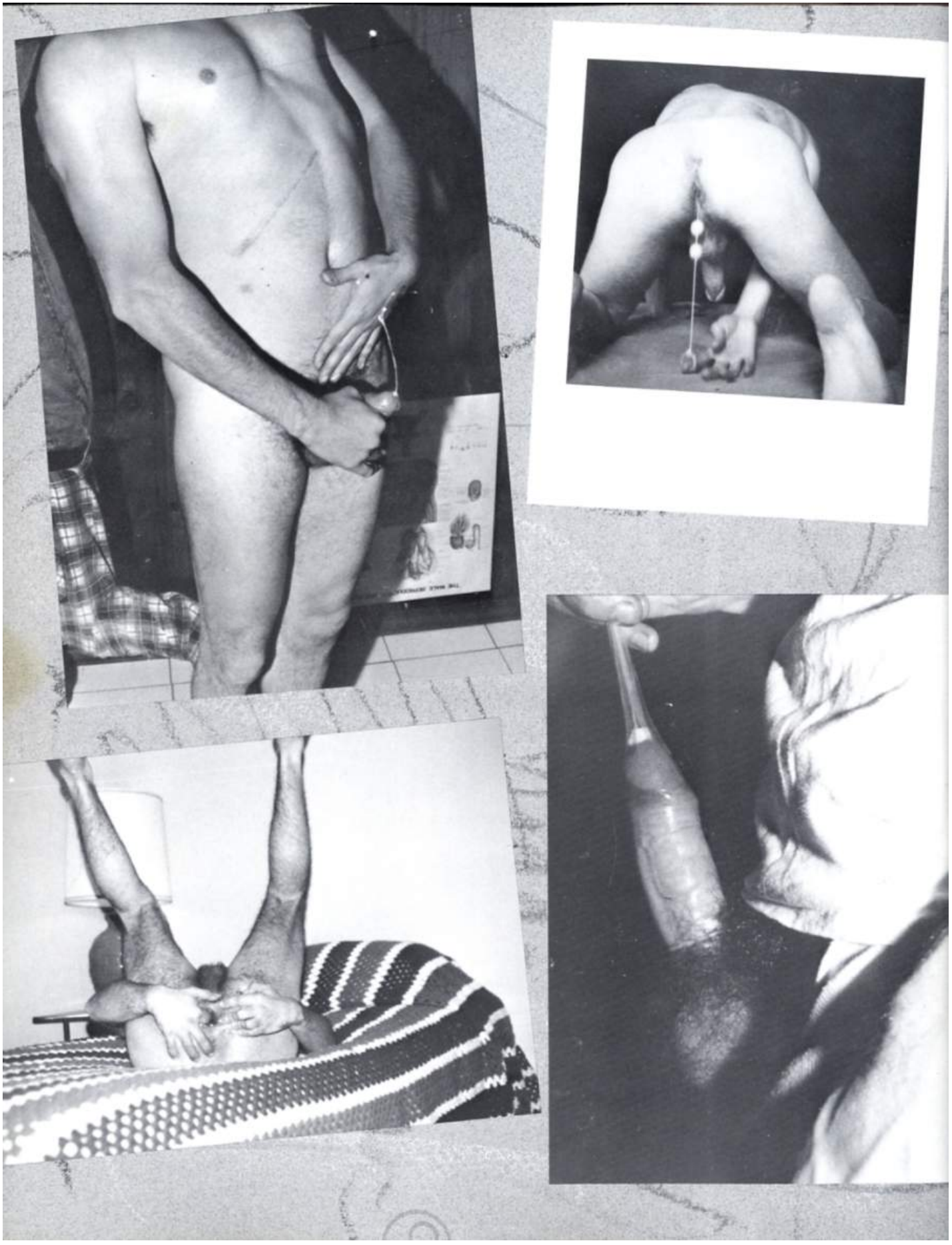
He stood, stretched and rubbed his fingers across his nipples with one hand while he yanked and pulled at his steamy cock through the pouch. "You gonna just stand there? Git out of yer clothes!" I quickly stripped down to my wet joekey shorts and was about to sit down to hide the boner I'd sprung when he yelled, "Don't git m'couch all wet with yer underwear, git 'em off too."

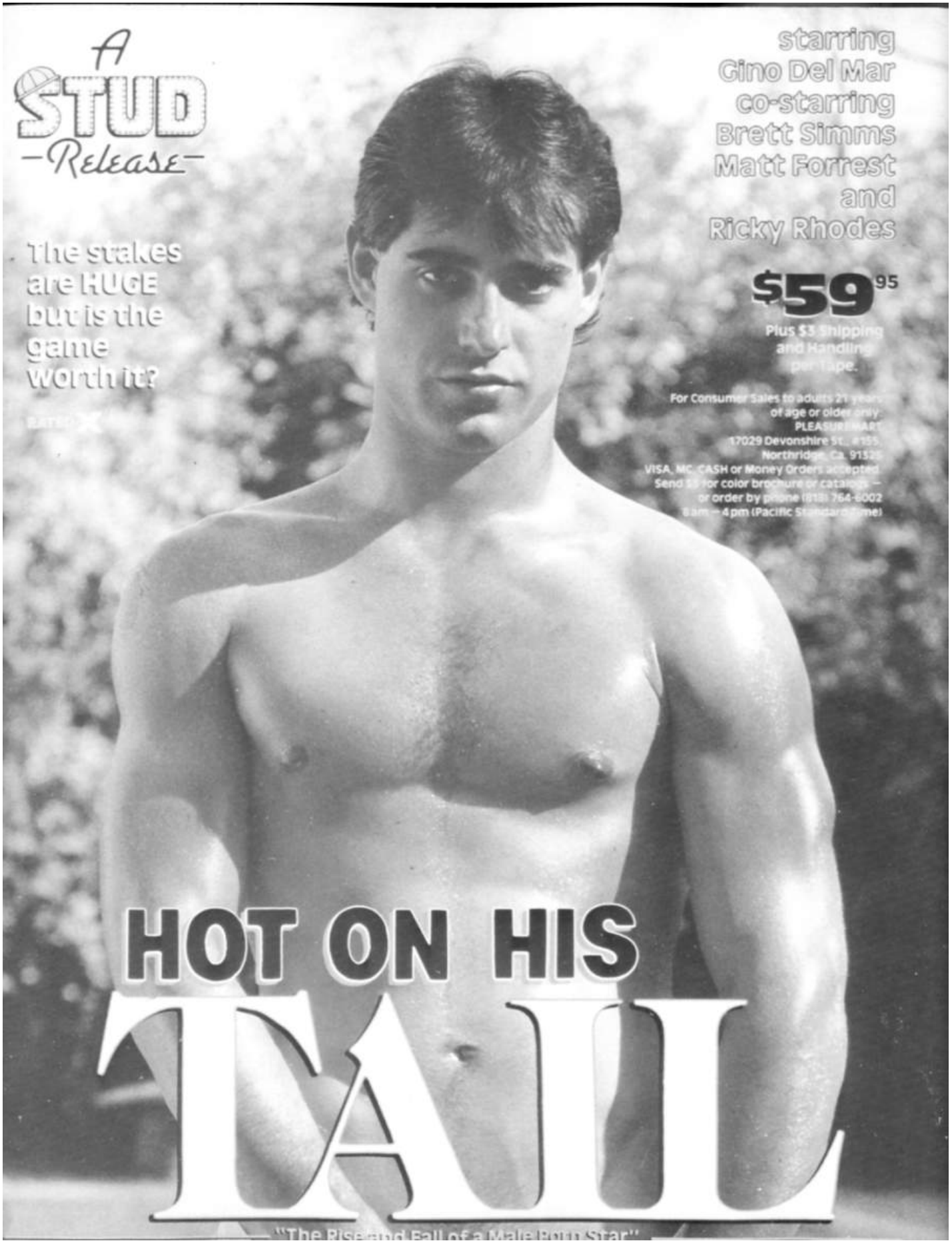
Don't worry none 'bout yer dick gettin' hard, yer a healthy boy and it should git jerked on more often. Ya jerk on it every day, Kid?" I nodded yes. "Well, it ain't enough, looks like," He chuckled. "Wyantcha jerk on it a little, considrin' 'tis just you'n'me here." I looked at my larger than average bone hard sticking up out of my lap. Certainly I was embarrassed but it seemed like a good idea, and besides, Mr. Miller was beginning to sprout a huge stalk

that worked its way out of the side of his sweaty jock pouch. We sat and stared at each other as we worked the life into our cocks. He doused his with spit so I did the same and you could hear the crackling of dick juice snap as we stroked our meat. "C'mon and let's switch hands for a bit," he said as he scooted next to me on the sofa. "Feels good to have 'nother guy's hands workin' yer dick'n'balls." I stroked his big adult-sized cock and he played with my balls, working his hands down to my asshole. "I think you'll take a likin' tathis." He spit on his fingertips and began to work his first two fingers up my sensitive hole. I started to moan and cry out it felt so good. "Big strappin' boy like you'se gonna have a mighty big itch down there!" He laughed, "Go on kid, ride my hand, squirm on't." He ground his fingers into my hungry hole and I twisted and jumped up and down on his fist, my dick dripping loads of precum all over my hand and his. He pulled back before I could cum and laughed, "I got just the thing for a ass-hungry boy likun you." He reached under the cushions on the sofa and pulled out a big pink rubbery dildo. "This'll scratch that itch a'yours," he said as he slathered a handful of his spit onto the shiny rubber prong. "I don't know, Mr. Miller, gosh, it's awful big . . . well, let's try . . ."

HOME MADE PORN

If you want your filthy pictures of your stuffed ass or your jerked rod or your cum splashing all over your sofa, just send your letters and photos to G.G.O., POB 15608, North Hollywood, CA 91615.

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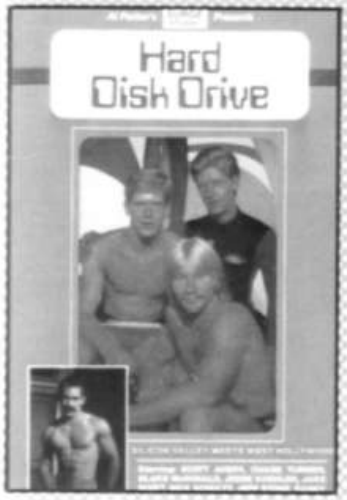

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